Department of Music
University of Alberta

*"Music for Awhile"*

with

**ALEXANDRA MUNN, pianist**
**DIANE NELSEN, soprano**
**WILLIAM H STREET, saxophonist**

**Sunday, April 29, 1990 at 3 pm**

Convocation Hall, Arts Building
University of Alberta

# Program

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PROGRAM

From *Lieder ohne Worte* (Songs without Words) — Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Op. 19 (publ. 1832) No. 1 Andante con moto
No. 2 Andante espressivo
No. 3 Molto allegro e vivace
No. 4 Moderato
No. 5 Presto agitato
No. 6 Andante sostenuto

*Op. 62, No. 3 (1843) Andante maestoso
Op. 38, No. 6 (1837) Andante con moto
Op. 102, No. 3 (posthumous) Presto

I Never Saw Another Butterfly (1966) — Ellwood Derr (b. 1932)

Song Cycle for Soprano voice, Alto Saxophone and Piano

On the poems by children who were incarcerated in the Nazi ghetto for Jews in Terezín, Czechoslovakia (1942-1944) and who died in Auschwitz before the end of October, 1944.

Prologue : Terezín (Theresienstadt)
The Butterfly
The Old Man
Fear
The Garden

INTERMISSION

*Ochestrated by Moscheles and played at the funeral of each of Mendelssohn, John F Kennedy and Sir Winston Churchill.

Preludes Op. 23 (1903-4) — Serge Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)
No. 3, Tempo di minuetto
No. 4, Andante cantabile
No. 6, Andante
Preludes Op. 32 (1910), No. 10, Lento
No. 5, Moderato

Frühlingsglaube (Uhland), Op. 20, No. 2 — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Nacht und Traüme (Collin), Op. 43, No. 2
Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe), Op. 2
Heimliches Liebe (Klenke), Op. 106, No. 1
Rastlose Liebe (Goethe), Op. 5, No. 1

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

POEMS

**I Never Saw Another Butterfly**

Prologue: Terezín by Hanus Hachenburg (1930-1944)

Terezín, that bit of filth in dirty walls.
And all around barbed wire, and thirty thousand souls who sleep,
Who once will wake and once will see their own blood spilled.
I was once a little child, three years ago.
That child who longed for other worlds.
But now I am no more a child for I have learned to hate.
I am a grown-up person now, I have known fear.
But anyway, I still believe I only sleep today, that I'll wake up
A child again, and start to laugh and play.
Somewhere, far away out there, childhood sweetly sleeps,
along that path among the trees,
there o'er that house which was once my pride and joy.
There my mother gave me birth into this world
So I could weep.

**The Butterfly**
by Pavel Friedmann (1921-1944)

A butterfly,
The last, the very last,
So richly, brightly, dazzlingly yellow.
As if the sun's tears would sing against a white stone.....
Such, such a yellow is carried lightly 'way up high.
It went away, I'm sure, for it wished to kiss the world goodbye.....
For seven weeks I've lived in here, penned up inside this ghetto
But I have found my people here.
The dandelions have befriended me
And the white chestnut candles in the court.
Only I never saw another butterfly.
That butterfly was the last one.
Butterflies don't live here, in the ghetto.

**The Old Man**
by Koleba*

In Terezín in the so-called park
A queer old grandad sits somewhere, there,
In the so-called park.
He wears a beard down to his lap
And on his head, a little cap.
In Terrezín in the so-called park.
Hard crusts he crumbles in his gums.
He's only got one single tooth.
My poor old man with working gums.
There's no soft roll or lentil soup
For you, my poor old grey beard.

*An anachronym for Miroslav Kosek (1931-1944),
Manus Loewy (1931-1944) and Bachner (dates unknown)

**Fear**
by Eva Picková (1929-1943)

Today the ghetto knows a different fear,
Close in its grip... Death wields an icy sythe.
An evil sickness spreads a terror in its wake,
The victims its shadow weep, weep, weep and writhe.
Today a father's heartbeat tells his fright.
And mothers bend their heads in their hands.
Now children choke and die with typhus here.....
No, no, oh God, we want to live!
Not watch our numbers melt away.
We want to have a better world.
We want to work. We must not die!

**The Garden**
by František Bass (1930-1944)

A little garden, fragrant and full of roses.
The path is narrow and a little boy walks along it.
A little boy, a sweet boy, like that growing blossom.
But when that blossom comes to bloom,
The little boy will be no more.

**Frühlingsglaube - Faith in Spring**

The mild breezes are awake,
They rustle and stir by day and night,
They are at work everywhere;
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, be not afraid,
Now everything must change.

The world grows lovelier every day,
One cannot tell what yet may happen;
The flowering will not end;
The farthest deepest valley blooms,
Now, poor heart, forget your pain!
Now everything must change.

**Nacht und Traüme - Night and Dreams**

Holy Night, thou art descending.
Dreams too, are floating downward,
Like thy moonlight through the space,
Through the quiet hearts of men.

They behold it with joy,
And call aloud when the day breaks:
Return again, Holy Night,
Sweet dreams, return again!

**Gretchen am Spinnrade - Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel**

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.
In his absence, I feel as if dead,
And the whole world is turned to gall.

My poor head is distracted,
My poor mind is shattered,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

For him alone I look out of the window,
For him alone I go out of the house.
His lofty carriage, his noble form,
The smile of his lips, the power in his glance.

And the magic flow of his speech,
The clasp of his hand, and oh! his kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

My bosom yearns towards him,
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him all I could,
And on his kisses I would pass away!

**Heimliches Lieben - Clandestine Love** (Klenke)

O, when your lips touch mine,
My soul is carried away in rapture.
Deep down I feel a nameless trembling
And my bosom heaves.
My eyes are aflame, a glow spreads o'er my cheeks,
My heart beats with an unknown desire,
My spirit is lost, intoxicated by stammering lips,
And can hardly compose itself.
In such an hour my life hangs upon
Your sweet soft rosy mouth,
I am almost lost,
Enclosed as I am by your dear arms.
Ah me, that my soul cannot even so
Escape wholly from itself to glow in yours!
That our lips, which burn with passion
Must nevertheless part,
That my being cannot dissolve in kisses,
When joined so closely to your mouth,
And to your heart that never dares to beat aloud for me!

**Rastlose Liebe - Restless Love** (Goethe)

Breasting the snow,
The rain and the wind,
In steaming gorges,
Through haze mists,
Ever onward, ever onward,
Without pause or rest.

What then? Shall I flee?
Take to the forests?
All, all would be in vain
Crown of existence,
Bliss without rest
Art thou, o love!

I would rather struggle
My way through sorrows
Than bear so much
Joy in life.
All that yearning
From heart to heart...
Oh, how it engenders
Its own suffering!

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